

The Critic

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Authors at Home.*

MRS. JACKSON ("H. H.") AT COLORADO SPRINGS.

FIVE hundred feet above the level of the top of Mt. Washington is Mrs. Jackson's home. Its driveway is a steep but excellent carriage road, several miles in length, at whose entrance you will pay toll of admiration and wonder to a little brook that deliberately runs up hill before you. Your amused host, who in all cases meets you at the entrance with his carriage, explains that the force with which the water is driven through Cheyenne Cañon is quite sufficient to carry it over the slight elevation on which you stand; but there is no evidence of its being pushed from behind; it does not hurry, or bubble, or gush, but glides along as quietly and gracefully as any well-behaved New England brook; only up hill, instead of down. For an hour the horses climb slowly but steadily; then the road for two or three miles takes a level sweep, around horseshoe curves, over little bridges, past running brooks and through delightful woods, the horses trotting at their master's will as if on the smoothest boulevard; then another and another steeper climb, and we are ushered at last into what, from the bountifulness of the repast, we take to be the dining-room, but which we are assured is intended only for luncheon. Here we devote ourselves to the chicken and the claret, the fruit and the coffee, with such ardor that when the hostess, who prides herself more upon her housekeeping than her poetry, entreats us to swear never to betray that she has forgotten to bring the salt, we find ourselves capable, not only of promising this, but of swearing that she did bring it!

We are on the top—that is, on one of the tops—of Cheyenne Mountain; but there is little to make us realize that we are six thousand feet above the level of the sea. In New England, you choose your mountain, always of course the highest, and having reached the summit, seat yourself with what ease you may on a rocky peak reminding one of an Isle of Shoals suspended in mid air, from which you gaze down on a billowy sea of lower mountain peaks. But among the Rockies, however high you go, something—probably many things—still towers above you. On Cheyenne, high as you are, you still seem on level ground, beautiful with green grass and trees and brooks and flowers; while mountains on which, perhaps, the snow is lying in August, range around you, and you gaze down, not on lower mountains, but down, down to the very plains, stretching miles upon miles upon miles, level as a parlor floor, away to an almost limitless horizon. It is no wonder that we linger. But an hour before sunset our host re-harnesses the horses; for Mrs. Jackson, though most 'at home' on Cheyenne Mt., where she has been known to picnic thirteen Sundays in

succession, has a House Beautiful in the little town of Colorado Springs which contains her kitchen, dining-room and sleeping apartments.

And it is a house well worth description as the home of a poet; not because it is one of the æsthetic palaces such as have recently been described as the homes of London poets and artists, in whose majestic halls and apartments we are told that 'the silence is like a throne'; but because it is a wonderful illustration of what the poetic and artistic instinct can make of the average American house. Mrs. Jackson took it as she found it, and thought when she first found it that it was the only house she had ever seen with which she could not hope to do anything. The New England mind which had designed it had insisted on its facing the 'street,' though there was a snow-clad mountain in its back-yard, only to be commanded by the kitchen windows. The artistic instinct began to work; the terrible little New England 'entry' was walled up on the outside, and made to form a charming little alcove for the parlor, with tiny book-shelves built into the wall. The kitchen was relegated to new regions back of the old, a narrow passage-way completely separating the utilitarian from the æsthetic parts of the house; the former kitchen being converted into a beautiful square hall, with fireplace, rugs, couches and big arm-chairs. There is neither library nor study, though the house overflows with books and magazines, dropped invitingly on shelves, on great revolving tables, or perchance even upon the sofas; while little desks are dotted about here and there, in the parlor, the hall, or the bedroom, as if ready to receive the chance suggestion of the moment. We more than suspect, however, that whatever literary work is done in the House Beautiful is accomplished early in the day in the solitude of the lady's own chamber, whence she will emerge to her guests, not the literary (though always the brilliant) woman, the ingenious architect, the perfect housekeeper, the friend eager to hear what *you* are writing or doing. The house is hardly more than a cottage in size, but every inch has been made available. A tiny 'lift' bears coal and water and heavy burdens to the upper story; the servants even have a little *boudoir* to which they may escape from the heat of the kitchen. The dining-room being too small for a side-board stately enough to hold all the exquisite china and glass which the lady has gathered from all parts of the world, the four corners have been utilized for three-cornered *buffets*, adding picturesqueness to the room.

It is to be remembered that all this beautiful china is not made up of mere 'pretty pieces'; it is a collection historical and suggestive, illustrating the decorative processes of many lands and many times. If you do not stay too long, you will hardly find yourself served twice with the same cup or saucer or plate; for it is a noticeable feature of this dwelling that nothing in it is in pairs or sets; every vase, every chair, every pitcher, every tea-cup, every rug, is unique, and has its own history of acquirement. The beautiful wooden mantels are the work of the native carpenter, under the lady's supervision; but if transported suddenly to a New York furniture store, they would add grace to their surroundings. In this connection it is to be noted that in this artistic home there is a conspicuous absence of decorative art; decoration, indeed, in abundance, and art in perfection, from the beautiful *bas-relief* set in the wall over the fireplace, to the vases noble in form and royal in color, which—seemingly dropped anywhere—will be found on study to occupy the one position in which they are most effective. But the decoration is chiefly of color: a scarlet bird here, a peacock-blue vase there, and everywhere masses of the brilliant Colorado wild-flowers. Twenty-three varieties of wild-flowers, massed each in its own color, once adorned the house of this lady, for the edification of some Eastern friends invited to luncheon. But we believe we are literally exact in stating that there is not an artificial flower in the house, on embroidered table-cover or sofa-cushion or tidy; indeed, Mrs. Jackson holds that the manufacture of

* Copyright, 1884, by J. L. & J. B. Gilder. All rights reserved. Previously Published: Mr. Whittier at Amesbury, by Mrs. H. P. Spofford, Nov. 1. Mr. Burroughs at Esopus, by R. Riordan, Nov. 22. Mr. Curtis at West Brighton, by G. P. Lathrop, Dec. 6. Dr. Holmes in Beacon Street, by A. W. Rollins, Jan. 3 and 10. Mark Twain at "Nook Farm," by C. H. Clark, Jan. 17. George Bancroft at Washington, by B. G. Lovejoy, Feb. 7. Walt Whitman at Camden, by G. Selwyn, Feb. 28. C. D. Warner at Hartford, by J. H. Twichell, March 14. T. W. Higginson, by G. W. Cooke, March 28.

silken poppies and crewel sun-flowers is a 'respectable industry,' intended only to keep idle hands out of mischief.

Nor must it be forgotten in the charm of the interior that from the couch in the bay-window of the guest-chamber one looks out upon a vast range of the Rocky Mountains, and that within reach of an afternoon drive are the Garden of the Gods, the Mesa, Glen Eyrie, Manitou, and the Ute Pass. Then, as the evening shadows close in upon us, if it is a little cool, as it is quite liable to be at Colorado Springs even in August, we shall gather round the blazing pifion fire, while our hostess reads us—never her own latest production, rarely anything from the old masters, seldom even a poem from favorite contemporaries—unless, indeed, you have been so unfortunate as to depreciate some one she would fain re-instate in favor; but almost invariably some lovely poem or striking line by a young and struggling author whom she admires and wishes you to appreciate. It would be interesting to know how many of the younger writers for the magazines have owed their success, not to that instant recognition of genius by the editor which is popularly supposed to be the secret, but to the generous appreciation and recognition of Helen Jackson, who has approached many an editor with manuscript in hand, and insisted: 'You don't want any more poetry, I know; but you *shall* listen to this!' and who will lend to the poem of the ox-eyed daisies, by one of the Goodale Sisters, or to the 'Frost' of Edith Thomas, or a poem on an apple, by Amelia Barr, a depth of expression, a loveliness of meaning, and a grace of rendering, which she would never try to give to her own work; exclaiming, as she finishes, 'I would give anything—*anything*—if I had written that myself!'

ALICE WELLINGTON ROLLINS.

Reviews

Knortz's German Anthology.*

A CERTAIN school of naturalists hold (they say) that the grape and the orange are both berries: that all the marvelous granulation and segmentation of the latter, by which pod lies on pod and sac lies on sac within the periphery of the encircling rind, sprang from a state of things in which the orange was originally a bean, pendant from a stock first cousin to the homicidal *bacca* that choked Anacreon. Now suppose we apply the analogy to poetical anthologies like that which lies upon our table, in which, if we compare the translation on one page with the original text on the other, we see two things often totally different. Is there not a spiritual resemblance? Here are several hundred 'representative' poems done into English by numerous translators, numbering among them famous names like those of Longfellow, Bryant, Bayard Taylor, Aytoun and Leland; and yet the results are those of transforming a grape into an orange or an orange into a grape. Could there be a stronger argument in favor of the immediate and universal study, at first hand, of the modern languages? How many people for lack of this study have wrecked themselves on that treacherous coral-reef, the 'Pine and Palm' of Heine, or have lost themselves in the wondrous mist of the 'Erl-King,' leaving not a 'wrack' behind—except a most heart-rending translation!

We do not mean to say that Mr. Knortz's anthology is not an excellent one; on the contrary, it is one of the best in the English language, and we are particularly grateful not only for it but for the sensible presentation of the German originals over against the translations, albeit there is an unconscious Nemesis in the juxtaposition. We are simply remarking upon the inadequacy of translations in general. For ourselves, there is no English translation of a foreign work, except the Bible, which we have ever read with patience or profit. Mr. Knortz has selected many of the best versions of celebrated German ballads in our language; he has compiled a labori-

ous and comprehensive work; and he thus revives, in an instructive way, the traditions of Longfellow's 'Poets and Poetry of Europe,' enabling many to gain at least an inkling of what the Germans have done in the ballad-lyric field; and yet—. Now let us discuss some of the merits and defects of the work. In our opinion, Mr. Knortz has pursued a wrong method, in using, where two or more translations exist, the one that is most literal. Thus, he has rejected Longfellow's beautiful and tender translation of Von Salis's 'Das Stille Land' in favor of an anonymous literal version which is entirely wooden. And what can be said of the taste which prefers a translation of the Gretchen-song in 'Faust,' in which the following stanza occurs,

Ah! my poor head!
I've lost my wits,
And my poor brain
Is all in bits!

to other translations in which the pathos of the original does not exhalé in a false and misleading literalism? Moreover, why choose a version of Felix Dahn's magnificent 'Gesang der Legionen' in which Lares is made to rhyme with stares?

By Euphrates (!) and Danube's streams
We worship Roman Lares,
And soon another Rome outgleams
Midst rude barbarian stares.

There are some fine translations, notably Goethe's 'Der König in Thule,' by Theodore Tilton, Sarah Austin's version of Uhland's 'Auf der Ueberfahrt,' Furness's 'Die Grenadiere,' and several dainty and delightful bits by Theodore Martin. Freiligrath's wonderful 'Löwenritt' is finely rendered, and there is an exquisite version of Körner's 'Good Night Song.' We miss some old favorites—such as Anastasius Grün's 'Der Ring,' Goethe's 'Gesang der Erzeengel,' etc. But you can't please everybody, nor need you. We bespeak a good sale for this book, and also a thorough revision of it for a second edition. Probably it would be to the gain of the book if a thinner paper were selected, and the bulk of the great green volume lessened. Nothing is more fatiguing to the wrist than the effort to hold a large and heavy octavo in such a position as to make the reading of it agreeable.

Contending theories of translation certainly flit across one's mental horizon as this book is read. Shall we give a word-for-word version, in which, while we seem to catch the original, the elusive spirit ensepulchred there—as the wine is in a crystal phial—vanishes into thin air? Or shall we look clean over the words as mere heaps of stocks and stones for our bridge, and attune our ear to the celestial distances, the melodious meaning, the suffusing atmosphere of the poem; producing a true 'transmigration of soul'? For ourselves we prefer the latter.

Phillips's "English Literature."*

IN this large two-volumed work, which contains over 1000 pages, the author and compiler has attempted to produce three distinct things: (1) a school manual; (2) a guide to the general reader; and (3) a book of reference. We think that she has attempted too much, and we are afraid that the first effect of opening the book will be bewilderment. It is useless to attempt to fuse history, literature, art, science, criticism and manners, in a manual intended for schools; and the tangle only becomes more hopeless when it is further complicated by tabulated, statistical, and chronological by-play, columns of miscellaneous and inharmonious information running down the sides of the text and having little or nothing to do with it, and bibliographical data appended in streamers to each chapter. The author's idea is in some respects a good one. It shows remarkable reading and constructive skill, and it is wrought out with conscientious care and an approach to omniscience. But why not three volumes instead of two, and why not elaborate—separately and

* Representative German Poems, Ballad and Lyrical. Edited, with Notes, by Karl Knortz. \$3.50. New York: Henry Holt & Co.

* A Popular Manual of English Literature. By Maude Gillette Phillips. 2 vols. \$4. New York: Harper & Bros.

individually—each of the three ideas with which the book starts? Would not this plan be less confusing to the student? Surely a school manual, a guide to the general reader, and a book of reference cannot be melted together and integrated, without each idea hampering and jostling the other, and each trenching on the particular domain of the other. It is our private theory that literature books cannot be too plain and simple. The less complex and compound they are, the better. The fewer dates and periods and chronological *aperçus* that pepper their pages, the better. Many young people are repelled by varieties of type and by typographical ingenuities. If the story of the literature can be given them in agreeable literary form, pruned of needless particularity, free from the cutting and slashing into 'periods' and paragraphs, remote from the pigeon-hole method—in short, if the literature can be presented in an organic way, as one indivisible whole, continuously and uninterruptedly, we think that only good can ensue, and that far more readers will be attracted to take it up and study it. If, however, a book presents the aspect of something between a table of logarithms, an almanac, and an atlas, its true object is apt to be lost sight of, and a vast amount of minute and comprehensive labor is in peril of being relegated to the limbo of dullness.

One feature of this book strikes us as excellent. In summing up the consensus of criticism on a given author, longer or shorter extracts from the best critics are printed under each, which enables the reader to see exactly what men have thought and written on this or that literary personality. To be sure, this gives rather a scrap-book savor to certain sections of the book; but it is a useful and interesting feature, and varies the monotony of individual criticism. The sketches of contemporary Continental literature—German, French, Italian, and Spanish—contemporary, that is, with each of the ten periods into which the work is divided, are also a praiseworthy feature. The weak part of the volumes as a literary performance is distinctly the earlier part of Volume I, embracing the Anglo-Saxon period and early England down to and including Chaucer and Gower. Mrs. Phillips is evidently unacquainted with much that has been done in this field. This part of her book contains many misprints of proper names; and there is a positiveness of judgment in certain cases unwarranted by the state of our knowledge of this nebulous hemisphere of English thought and production. There is no recognition of the recent work of American scholars in the domain of Anglo-Saxon literature. The splendid epic of Beowulf is dismissed with a few paltry lines (text and translation both bad), unintelligible from being torn from their context; and this, too, when a notable American translation of the entire poem is easily accessible. The strange statement is made (p. 9) that 'Beowulf and Cædmon are the only pure Anglo-Saxon works in verse of any length.' Is not the author aware that there are at least 30,000 lines of 'pure' Anglo-Saxon verse, of which Beowulf and Cædmon make up only about 8000 lines? And who that knows anything of this literature at first hand would venture to say (p. 9) that 'all of this poetry is of a warlike or religious nature, serious and solemn, and relieved by no lyrical gayety and melody?' Again (p. 10), King Alfred is asserted without qualification to be the translator of Boëthius (misprinted Boethius), of Orosius, of Bede's Ecclesiastical History, and of Gregory's Pastoral Care, when all scholars know that this whole subject of the Alfredian translations is involved in controversy. In one place (p. 14) Chaucer is positively claimed to be the translator of the 'Romaunt of the Rose,' and in another (p. 42) the attribution of the translation to him is correctly put down as doubtful. On p. 83 we are told that 'The King's Quhair' was written by James I. of Scotland, without an intimation that his authorship of the poem is yet in controversy, if it has not absolutely been settled against him.

These are blemishes which the author can very easily remedy when the time comes to revise her meritorious work.

In the first hundred pages we have noted the following misprints of proper names: p. 15, *Heiland* for *Heliand*; p. 16, *Wolfan* for *Wolfram* (von Eschenbach); p. 20, *Heine's* *Beowulf* for *Heyne's*, and *Hueffu's* *Troubadours* for *Hueffer's*; *Bæthius* for *Boëthius*, p. 42; *Teubrink*, p. 77, for *ten Brink*; and *Furnivall* is spelt in two different ways. Why does Mrs. Phillips (p. 13) say that the defeat of Roland by the Saracens at Roncevalles, and his death, were the occasion of Ariosto's, 'Orlando Furioso' (elsewhere printed 'Orlanda Furioso'), without even mentioning the real and far more celebrated poem—the 'Chanson de Roland'—which grew out of that event? Considering the immense variety of matter in these volumes, however, the misprints and misstatements are comparatively few, and we mention such as occur to us, not in a carping, but in a helpful spirit.

Flemish and English Art.*

THIS 'History of Flemish Painting' (1), which has been crowned by the Belgian Royal Academy, will prove of service to those who would understand the position of our modern painters as compared with that held by the masters of the Renaissance. It is to be supposed that a companion volume on the pictorial art of Holland will yet be issued in connection with the Fine Art Library of Messrs. Cassell & Co., of which this forms a part. With Taine's 'Philosophy of Art in the Low Countries' and Fromentin's 'Old Masters of Belgium and Holland,' this would put into the student's hands the means of tracing some of the influences most perceptible in modern painting back to their sources in the mediæval art of northern Europe; for the art of the Low Countries, though having a distinct character of its own, has always combined much of what was best and strongest in French and German art. By itself, Professor Wauters's work shows that, in Belgium, the apparent triumph of the Renaissance was only superficial, and that even in Rubens, the national spirit was supreme. The Flemish artists who studied at Rome and Florence were, no doubt, deeply impressed by the great ideal masterpieces of the Italians, but however they might try, they could not reach the same heights themselves. Whether they would paint a satyr or a Madonna, it was the Belgian man or woman that they put upon the canvas. When most deeply and profoundly spiritual they were still thorough realists. Many of their pictures may be truly described as poetic; but their poetry is that of actual life and visible matter. It is in this regard, especially, that they are to be considered as the forerunners of the universal modern school, whose mission it is to counteract the evil effects of too much analysis by keeping before us the beauty of untormented, undivided nature. It was not entirely due to accident that the method of painting in oil, which alone can give realistic effects of color, was discovered and brought to perfection in the Netherlands. The genius of the people demanded such a means of expression long before it became necessary to the rest of the world.

The influence of the Flemish technique on Italian painting is followed, with much detail, by Professor Wauters, though its (at the present day) more important effect on French art is rather too summarily disposed of. But the internal history of the Flemish school is admirably related, the notices of the principal painters in each *genre* being neither too concise nor needlessly long. To Reubens and his school, are given eleven chapters—about one-third of the book; but then the school includes Van Dyck and Jordaens, Cornelius de Vos, Francis Snyders and Jean Fyt, the animal painters; Teniers, Brower, Ryckaert, Janssens; the landscapists Brengel, De Vadder, Sieberchts, and Huysmans; and the painters of still life and flowers, Van Utrecht, Seghers and Cornelius Schut. The new birth of the school after its fall in the Eighteenth Century, and the

* 1. The Flemish School of Painting. By A. J. Wauters. Tr. by Mrs. Henry Rosset. 2. The English School of Painting. By Ernest Chesneau. Tr. by L. M. Etherington. \$2 each. (The Fine Art Library.) New York: Cassell & Co.

impulse that was given to it by the rise of the Romanticists in France, as well as the later revolution which has brought it back to its old-time realism, are treated of in the last two chapters, in which their proper positions are assigned to those remarkable members of the Romantic school, Wappers, Louis Gallait and Henri Leys. A good *compte-rendu* of the labors of the school from 1851 to 1884 serves instead of a more critical notice of the works of living painters; and the author concludes with the acknowledgment that the Belgian school of the present day has, as a whole, a tendency to merge itself in the great European school—which is little to be wondered at, when one remembers how much of its inspiration this latter has drawn from earlier Flemish art.

The history of the English school—which has, most of the time, been out of the current of European art, and which yet has never succeeded in getting into a well-defined track of its own—is recounted by M. Ernest Chesneau, in another volume of the series (2). Mr. Ruskin, who has written a preface for the book, says of it that it is a singular delight to him 'to hear this acute and kindly Frenchman assuring us that we have some metal of our own, and interpreting to his countrymen some of the insular merits of a school which hitherto has neither recommended itself by politeness, confirmed itself by correctness, nor distinguished itself by imagination.' This indicates, perhaps too forcibly, the general attitude which the author takes towards English art; but in dealing with individual artists, he is by no means chary of his praises. Indeed, Mr. Ruskin intimates that, in many cases, he considers M. Chesneau rather too indulgent. Still, nowhere will one find the greater English painters, whether of the old school or the new, so well treated of from the purely artistic point of view. The peculiar merits, the technical strength, no less than the limitations, of Hogarth, Reynolds, Gainsborough, Constable and Turner, are clearly set forth; and no one, not even Mr. Ruskin himself, has given a better account of the aims and the actual achievements of the pre-Raphaelites. M. Chesneau makes it plain—as Mr. Ruskin does not—that among the latter there are some who, like Burne Jones, bring great technical ability to the expression of subtle and far-fetched ideas, while such works as the 'Love and Death' of Mr. Watts, he says, in the English edition, can only (according to the Latin conception of art) be regarded as 'errors.' In the French, he passes judgment on the school by saying: 'Il leur manque à tous le souffle héroïque.' Both volumes are very fully illustrated with engravings which sufficiently answer the purpose of illustrating the text, and each is furnished with a useful index of the names of the artists mentioned in it.

"Mental Mysteries."*

THE publications of the Society for Psychical Research have had the effect of stimulating the production of a vast amount of rubbish. No less than four or five recent books upon the subject of mental materialism are before us, but only one of them is worthy of serious consideration. Mr. Evans, whose maiden literary efforts date back many years, treats us to two books (1 and 2). Neither of the little volumes betrays the slightest evidence of pathological truth. The arguments are based upon purely theoretical foundations, and are of a character which is accepted with eagerness by a class of persons who, like the first Lord of the Admiralty, 'never think of thinking for themselves at all.' There is a great deal about the 'living psychic germ'—whatever that may be—and a plentiful sprinkling of equally indefinite terms. The author clearly believes in the faith cure, and ancient hermetic philosophy.—Mrs. A. Leah Underhill, one of the Fox sisters whose spiritualistic performances created such excitement many years ago, has given to the world a rather

fat octavo with a profusion of gilt upon the cover and two impossible females who are engaged in a feat of jugglery popularly known as 'the chain-trick.' 'The Missing Link' (3) is simply a consideration of all the old stories and arguments that have been brought forward by spiritualists for years. The 'Fox rappings' are detailed, and a specimen of 'Greek writing by a five-months-old infant' is presented. The book is of value as a curiosity for those who are engaged in studying the varieties of human credulity.

It is with a feeling of relief that we turn to the excellent little book (4) prepared by Mr. Wm. A. Hovey of Boston. It is chiefly a reproduction of the experiments conducted by the London Society for Psychical Research, whose membership contains the names of Professor Sidgwick, Balfour Stewart, Lord Rayleigh and others, some of which, however, carry anything but the suggestion of accuracy; for the 'odid force' experiments of one of them have not been received with much favor. The various psychic problems of 'mind-reading' are the subjects of consideration. Some of the experiments are startling, and especially so are those conducted by the family of a Mr. Creery. Not only was it possible for expectant attention to so dominate the subject as to make him perform almost any incredible psychic feat when contact was made, but it was possible, according to the statements of Mr. Creery, Mr. Myers and others, for one person to share the perception of another without any apparent physical contact. Some of these intricate psychological tests have given wonderful results, and societies have been started in Boston and New York to continue them.

The Encyclopædia Britannica.*

EACH volume of the ninth edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, as it appears, rouses anger at the tardiness of its publication; but those who consult it (and how many of the subscribers to an encyclopædia, one wonders, do actually consult the new volume within a six months?) must find that their irritation evaporates. Such thorough work seems well worth waiting for. Here is Persia, for instance, treated by five different pens. Professor Nöldeke of Strasburg, and Professor A. von Gutschmid of Tübingen, conduct one patiently through the ancient history of the Medes and Persians. Professor Geldner of Tübingen discusses the language, Professor Ethé of Wales describes the literature, and Sir Frederick Goldsmid writes on its modern history and geography. Persia is an important country in the past history of the world; it looks now as if it might still be the key to the conflict about to break out in Afghanistan. One hundred quarto pages, and two maps contain these essays, which form in themselves a respectable volume. In former volumes the longest essays have been found under the scientific headings; but Ornithology, the next longest in the present volume, is only fifty pages in length. It is by Professor Alfred Newton of Cambridge University, and gives particular attention to the workers in this field, living and dead. Pathology, by Dr. Charles Creighton, is equally exhaustive; Philology, by Professor W. D. Whitney of Yale College and Professor E. Sievers of Tübingen, is treated in half that space. Professor Whitney enters into the arena of speech-origin where so many combats have been fought by philologists—enters boldly but warily. The city of Paris has two French guides, Gaston Meissas and Anthyme St. Paul, who occupy twenty-one pages; and several more than that number are filled by E. Maunde Thomson of the British Museum with an essay on Palæography, in which many specimens of old styles of writing are given in facsimile. Volume XVIII ends with Phthisis, and contains able articles by E. A. Freeman on the Peerage; by W. M. Rossetti on Parmigiano and Perugino; on Peru by Clements R. Markham, author of various books on that country; on the city of Philadelphia, by Charles Henry Hart; on Pessimism, by Professor William Wallace of Oxford; on Perpetual

* 1. Mental Medicine: A Theoretical and Practical Treatise on Medical Psychology. By Rev. W. F. Evans. Boston: H. H. Carter & Co. 2. The Primitive Mind-Cure. Same Author and Publishers. 3. The Missing Link in Modern Spiritualism. By A. Leah Underhill. New York: Thomas R. Knox & Co. 4. Mind-Reading and Beyond. By Wm. A. Hovey. Boston: Lee & Shepard.

* The Encyclopædia Britannica. Ninth Edition, Vol. XVIII. Orn.—Pht. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Motion (with sketches), by Professor Chrystal; and on the State of Pennsylvania, by Professor J. Peter Lesley and Rev. C. Gordon Ames. Various shorter essays on birds, such as Owl, Ostrich, Peacock and Parrot, are contributed by Professor Alfred Newton.

The eighteenth is thus quite as full as the preceding volumes. The ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia* is on exactly the same plan as the eighth edition, except that additions have already swelled the number of volumes in the ninth to the full number of the eighth. Several more will be needed to close the edition; when finished, it will be by all odds the best thing of its kind printed. The new edition of the *Conversations Lexikon* of Brockhaus assumes for Germans something of the same place, but it is at once more popular and less readable. It seeks to attract by a profusion of cuts and plates. It is the work of unnamed writers, who have no special inducement to do their best. All the important articles in the *Britannica* are signed with the initials of the writers, who thus lend the weight of their names and are spurred to special endeavors by that fact. The ninth edition is also notable for the large number of American writers who contribute. The national bivalence is treated by Professor J. T. Cunningham of Oxford and G. Brown Goode of Washington, and other essays are in whole or in part from this side of the Atlantic.

Recent Fiction.

'THE KNIGHT OF THE BLACK FOREST' (Putnam) is a disappointment after the fine work which has led us to expect much from Grace Denio Litchfield. The plot is a very hackneyed one, of counts that don't count, and young ladies who flirt 'for fun' and find the result bitter; while the heroines are neither charming American types, nor Daisy Millers intended to show how much of innocence and good may exist in the unrefined and ill-bred American type. It is a pity to find fault with Miss Litchfield; and while it is necessary to say that her 'Knight' is neither very interesting nor very instructive, there is a temptation to add that her story in *The Century*—'The Price I Paid for a Set of Ruskin'—was a charming piece of work, while her novel, 'Only an Incident,' published a year ago, contained promise of workmanship far above the average. It attracted some attention as a clever study of village peculiarities, but beyond this, in the character of Gerald the author had made a study which, had it gone a little deeper, might have revealed a personality as original and interesting as the famous Shirley.

THE fineness and originality always noticeable in the work of Amelia E. Barr is conspicuous in her latest story, 'Jan Vedder's Wife.' (Dodd, Mead & Co.) This is for once a story of trouble between husband and wife which is worth the telling; first, because they conquer their trouble, and secondly because there is a good-humored warning in the moral that it is not always the bad woman who makes the bad wife. 'Jan Vedder's Wife' was one of those women described by a sympathizer with Jan as 'so good that no one but an angel can manage to live with them; one who would scorn to do evil that good might come, but who could not be made to realize that there is such a thing as doing good from which evil will come. The story is simple but interesting; the scene is laid in the Shetland Islands, and the book preserves throughout the clear, cool atmosphere of a north to which even Edinboro' suggested lowland luxury and refinement, fraught with the dangers of enervating Southern habits.

'A CARPET KNIGHT,' by Harford Flemming (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a society novel of the day, and it is a pleasure to find that it deals with the good graces of society and not with the flippancy and frivolity. Its characters are gentle, refined, and pleasant people, and they are not unfrequently clever; as when Dr. Carey remarks of some people at a dance: 'How unhappy they look! They seem exposed like Andromeda to the mercy of the monster Gossip, and bound hand and foot by Conventionality, while Theseus has returned to the supper room (after his custom in this latitude) to further refresh himself before undertaking the deliverance.' One does not quite see the drift of the story; one closes the book, indeed, with a vague wonder why one has danced so many *cotillions* and gone to so many theatre-parties with these young people, when one might have danced a real *cotillon* or gone to see Irving; but all the same, it is exceedingly pleasant to find that a society novel can

be written which acknowledges that society has its advantages, and does not assume that all people who dance and go to the theatre are flirts and feeble-minded youths, the sons and daughters of a shoddy aristocracy.

FEW people probably read Miss Braddon's stories twice, but a great many read them once. They are of the kind to be taken up carelessly by some member of the family who refuses to put them down for the benefit of any other member till the last page has been reached, when they are tossed carelessly back on the table—about midnight—with the trifling remark: 'How queer it is that Miss Braddon *will* write such sensational stuff!' 'Wyllard's Weird' (Franklin Square Library) possesses all the bad qualities that Miss Braddon is noted for; but withal the interest, the ingenuity, and not unfrequently the power, which compel the conscientious to acknowledge that the 'stuff' is 'not half bad' after all. It is, in short, an entertaining story to read—once.

'GERALD,' by Eleanor C. Price (Franklin Square Library), if only a story, is an original and interesting one. The last few chapters, on life at the Cape, are written with a good deal of power, and the touch at the close is to be commended both from the artistic and the moral point of view. It is a pleasing innovation for a heroine with two lovers, who marries the wrong one, not to be released by her husband's death from her unfortunate fetters, to marry at last the right one. Theo is not released, but learns to love her chains; an admirable hint for people who are not perfectly happy together that, with care, they may learn to be tolerably—or tolerantly—happy.—FASHION in literature is almost as fickle as fashion in dress. It is a dangerous experiment to republish the novel or the essay of a generation back; but 'Wensley,' by Edmund Quincey (Osgood), stands the test very well. It contains a good deal of bright writing, and will not be uninteresting even to the present devotees of Howells and James.

A Question of Editorial Ethics.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Please allow me to dissent from your opinion as to the propriety of the American Introductions to the reprint of Meyer's Commentaries. In THE CRITIC of April 4, you say that works of this nature 'ought to be presented only in the name of the author, and with no attempt to correct or revise their doctrinal positions. Those who are capable of using such works are capable of making their own corrections and revisions.' You forget that doctrinal correction is not the only aim of the American editor. Dr. Meyer's summation of the opinions of prior critics is very complete with the exception of writers in English, whom he almost wholly overlooks. This deficiency surely ought to be supplied. As to the other class of corrections, they are required by fidelity to truth. Nor are they unwelcome to competent students of the original. I have used Meyer for many years, yet I have pleasure and profit in considering what is said by the American scholars who have edited the volumes issued by Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls. No injustice is done to the German author, for all that he says is faithfully reproduced. Let me cite to you an analogous case. The best German work on the Psalms is Hupfeld, yet any professor advising a young man to purchase it would tell him 'by all means to get Richin's edition, because in various places Richin has introduced further comments of great value, but always enclosed in brackets, so that one can tell at once whether he is reading the views of the author or of the editor. I have never heard that any body complained of Dr. Richin. Let me add that I apply the golden rule here. For example, some years ago I published a small volume on the apologetic force of the Psalter; yet I should not have the smallest objection to any body's reprinting that volume in another country with an appendix controverting every position it takes. If an author's own views are given without alteration or subtraction, it seems to me he has no right to find fault with what others may choose to add in correction or revision. He has all that truth ought to ask, or usually does ask—*viz.*, a fair field.

NEW YORK, 11 April, 1885.

T. W. CHAMBERS.

The Prize Fund Exhibition.

WHITHER are the prizes at the American Art Galleries and the National Academy tending?—that is the question. The Clarke and Hallgarten prizes are awarded this week; the four pictures chosen by a 'syndicate' of gentlemen of this and other cities have already been designated. The Museum of Fine Arts of St. Louis, the Kentucky Polytechnic of Louisville, the Museum of Fine Arts of Boston, and our own incomparable and astonishing Metropolitan Museum will receive from the fund contributed by the 'syndics' one large oil-painting each. New York will possess either the quiet, low-toned, somewhat ineffectual shore-view from the neighborhood of Nonquitt, Mass., by Mr. Swain Gifford; or the big canvas by Mr. Alexander Harrison called, not 'Twilight,' but 'Le Crêpuscule,' in which there are many yards of sea-sand overflowed by the remnants of a breaker, lines of breaking wave, miles of blank salt-water, and a moon a little way up the sky; or the sloppy-sloppy, wash-away, up-and-down 'Off Honfleur,' by Mr. Boggs; or the view of a priest and acolytes coming down a stone stairway after the administration of 'The Last Sacrament,' painted by that favorite of fortune and the French Government, Mr. Henry Mosler. There is not a picture among the four which one could afford to despise as a gift; on the other hand, there is hardly one that sets the heart beating and the brain casting about for a means of owning it. Let us consider who the syndics are who have voted to buy these four pictures out of a remarkably excellent collection gathered for this purpose. New York heads the list with twenty-six contributors to the fund, closely followed by Louisville with twenty. Boston gives but four votes; Baltimore but two; Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Louis one each. New York and St. Louis thus had the voting between them, and if the New Yorkers united, it would be necessary for the Louisville men to win over almost all the others, to out-vote New York. We may consider that there was no sectionalism in the voting, and that the selection may be pretty evenly attributed to New York and Louisville.

To the taste of these gentlemen only a limited approval can be given. They seem to have been influenced chiefly by three things: the size of the picture; the quality, irrespective of a most important matter—national traits; and the geographical distribution of the American residences or birthplaces of the winners. Mr. Gifford is a New York artist, Mr. Boggs belonged to Brooklyn when he was an American, Kentucky once knew Mr. Mosler, and Philadelphia was the home of Harrison. The average of work in all four is very high, but only one represents in any way the distinctive American spirit. Three are among the biggest pictures in a collection largely composed of mammoths; while 'Le Crêpuscule' by Harrison is of dimensions quite inordinate. A genre, a landscape and two marines—these four were not selected because the collection contains few good figure-pieces; on the contrary, there are many such. Nor do the marines and the landscape chosen possess much sentiment; they are quite free from any delicate poetry, or charm of color, being estimable, middle-class, diligent work, with the exception of the 'Off Honfleur,' which has genuine talent in the sense of movement given to big swaying masses of dull waves and the lugger which is pitching forward under the pressure of a tight breeze. This choice has some questionable sides to it, regarded as an indication of what fifty-five men with more or less knowledge, more or less liking for pictures, are likely to do when called upon for an opinion. If it means anything, it means that they will select big pictures at any rate; then their demand for quality will be high, but not of the highest, owing presumably to an absolute lack of cultivation in this branch among the greater number; then they will not take into account the warning of the history of art, and avoid painters—however clever—who do not artistically 'grow up with the country.' The greatest number know paintings only through French examples. They are short-sighted enough to disregard American art, yet would

like good-naturedly to do their best to aid it. Hence American paintings nearest to French work seem to them best, since they are guided to a conclusion only by their own rushworth of light; and they select pictures which do not contain a scrap of the special foibles and virtues which belong to Americans.

"The Rose of Sharon."

A. C. MACKENZIE'S so-called dramatic oratorio, 'The Rose of Sharon,' was performed for the first time in America at a concert of the New York Chorus Society on the evening of April 16. The soloists were Emma Juch, Emily Winant, William J. Winch, Max Heinrich and Ivan Morowski. Theodore Thomas conducted, and the work was creditably, if not brilliantly, performed. 'The Rose of Sharon,' it may be remembered, was the Norwich oratorio of 1884, and was brought out under the direction of the composer at the festival held in October, Miss Emma Nevada singing the music assigned in the score to the Sulamite. The book was compiled from the Bible by Mr. Joseph Bennett, musical critic of the London *Telegraph*, who recently spent two months in this country, and qualified himself (English-wise) to write of the present state of music among the Americans. The composer is a Scotch musician who, after working for many years in comparative obscurity, has by a few happy ventures now seated himself on the crest of the wave of popularity.

The definition and title of the work suffice to convey an idea of its plan and textual matter. It is based on Solomon's Song, which, for the purposes of musical composition, has been treated in the dramatic style—conformably, in a general way, to the theory advocated by Ewald, Renan and other critics. In this Messrs. Mackenzie and Bennett are not original. Goldmark used some of the same material for an episode in his 'Königin von Saba'; and Rubinstein, two years ago or thereabouts, brought out his 'Sulamith,' which, like Goldmark's work, was an opera. The book and music of 'The Rose of Sharon' have been much praised in England, under the stimulus of a patriotic pride which has been sneered at by the American press. If, however, we had more of the same spirit here, the work of extending substantial encouragement to American composers would not be so tardy. We find ourselves unable to admire the book as a whole. It is too long and contains too much extraneous matter. About an hour is consumed in the presentation of the ceremonials attending the Procession of the Ark of the Covenant, to the serious interruption of the little drama that has been evolved out of the exquisite Oriental poem, and which is of course the principal business of the piece. With even less motive, the Sulamite sings an elaborate setting of the Twenty-third Psalm—a proceeding which reflects credit upon the simple maiden's knowledge of the literature credited to the father of her royal wooer, but is nevertheless wholly incongruous. Mr. Mackenzie's music has moments of exquisite beauty and many more of impotent striving. He is happiest in the pastoral and love music, which is rich in warm local color, and unconventional modulations, and fascinating phrases. The instrumentation is masterly even in such music as the commonplace Oriental March, which ushers in Solomon with his train of princes and nobles. Musicians will be delighted at the excellence of his part writing. In the handling of forms Mr. Mackenzie shows great freedom. He pays the debt, which most young musicians feel they owe, to the influence of Liszt and Wagner.

The Lounger

WHEN France and Bartholdi send Liberty to our shores, her task will be the enlightenment of the world. Mr. Pulitzer, who 'thinks his little World mankind,' and takes this as a personal compliment, is accordingly doing more than any other man to provide a solid resting-place for the sole of her enormous foot. Already he has raised upwards of \$30,000 for the Pedestal Fund; and still he is not satisfied, and probably will not be till he has

raised the last penny necessary to complete the work. The agitation of the subject in the *World* has reminded a bank-cashier of an indebtedness of \$2.10 for tickets to the Loan Exhibition held in this city for the benefit of the fund 16 months ago, and he has accordingly paid up. The net profit of that exhibition is thus raised to \$13,676.31, while that of the amateur dramatic performance given under the same patronage was \$1730.29. But Mr. Pulitzer's efforts throw these patriotic enterprises into the background; and the joke of it is, that although an M. C., he is not a native American.

A FRIEND in Camden sends me the following anecdotes and reminiscences of Wendell Phillips:

'His correspondence was very large. Sometimes obliged to write as many as fifty letters in a day, he wrote a large, bold hand, with wide spaces between the lines, a few words thus taking a whole page. As he said to one of his family, "People think they are getting more." He was staying over night, once, at the Massasoit House in Springfield, Mass. It was during the early part of the War, when an unsympathising Democrat, who had been dooming all the abolitionists by name to perdition, Phillips at the head of them, not knowing his companion, grew more and more attracted by his genial conversation. Confidentially drawing close to him at last, he whispered, "I see Wendell Phillips's name is on the books." "Yes," said Mr. Phillips, "I wrote it there!" Mr. Phillips's favorite oration was "Daniel O'Connell," but in my opinion he was most eloquent in "Toussaint, l'Ouverture." "The Lost Arts," which was the most popular, he liked least.'

'MR. GOSSE speaks of an eminent English Professor who, he was told, lectured before his American audiences in a flannel shirt. Had he been in the United States at the time, he might also have had the pleasure of dining with the Professor at some of the best houses in New England in that same gray flannel shirt—perhaps suitable raiment for the man, for his manners are said not to have been those of the wearers of fine linen. Mr. Phillips once told me of some of his experiences with travelled Englishmen in Boston. A certain Lord, who was also a well-known poet, came to a supper in a garment which was a dress-coat, certainly, but which looked so shabby that he might have had it from a pawnbroker's. He had just come from Charles Francis Adams's dinner-table, where he had honored the company with the same attire. His manners were in keeping with his clothing. Turning to Mr. Phillips, he said: "So you are for temperance, I hear. So is Sir Wilfrid Lawson. He isn't of much account!"'

'WHEN bored for his autograph, Mr. Phillips used to give the following:

"Count that day lost
Whose low descending sun
Sees at thy hand
No worthy action done."

These words John Brown of Harper's Ferry taught to each of his children. Wendell Phillips.'

IN his essay on 'Style in Literature,' which THE CRITIC is reprinting, that delightful stylist, Robert Louis Stevenson, says that 'the French prose-writer would be astounded at the labors of his brother across the Channel, and how a good quarter of his toil, above all "invita Minerva," is to avoid writing verse.' 'A single heroic line may do in prose; but the writer must be careful that another does not follow it. Yet Mr. Stevenson himself speaks of the literary artist as one whose task it is to take hard and hackneyed words and

'touch them to
The finest meanings and distinctions,
Restore to them their primal energy,
Wittily shift them to another issue,
Or make of them a drum to rouse the passions.'

This is printed in the form of prose, and it may not be verse, exactly; but it has, to my ear, very much the movement of the blank-verse passage in 'Macbeth' beginning, 'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?' The bad writer, the inexperienced writer, and the jaded writer, says Mr. Stevenson, 'all tend to fall at once into the production of bad blank verse.' No one would think of calling the author of 'The New Arabian Nights' a bad writer; he is still young in years, but old in experience of life and literature. All that can be said, therefore, is that he was tired when he wrote the passage quoted above.

Style in Literature.*

[Robert Louis Stevenson, in *The Contemporary Review*.]

THE web, then, or the pattern: a web at once sensuous and logical, an elegant and pregnant texture: that is style, that is the foundation of the art of literature. Books indeed continue to be read, for the interest of the fact or fable, in which this quality is poorly represented, but still it will be there. And, on the other hand, how many do we continue to peruse and re-peruse with pleasure whose only merit is the elegance of texture? I am tempted to mention Cicero; and since Mr. Anthony Trollope is dead, I will. It is a poor diet for the mind, a very colorless and toothless 'criticism of life;' but we enjoy the pleasure of a most intricate and dexterous pattern, every stitch a model at once of elegance and of good sense; and the two oranges, even if one of them be rotten, kept dancing with inimitable grace.

Up to this moment I have had my eye mainly upon prose; for though in verse also the implication of the logical texture is a crowning beauty, yet in verse it may be dispensed with. You would think that here was a death-blow to all I have been saying; and far from that, it is but a new illustration of the principle involved. For if the versifier is not bound to weave a pattern of his own, it is because another pattern has been formally imposed upon him by the laws of verse. For that is the essence of a prosody. Verse may be rhythmical; it may be merely alliterative; it may, like the French, depend wholly on the (quasi) regular recurrence of the rhyme; or, like the Hebrew, it may consist in the strangely fanciful device of repeating the same idea. It does not matter on what principle the law is based, so it be a law. It may be pure convention; it may have no inherent beauty; all that we have a right to ask of any prosody is, that it shall lay down a pattern for the writer, and that what it lays down shall be neither too easy nor too hard. Hence it comes that it is much easier for men of equal facility to write fairly pleasing verse than reasonably interesting prose; for in prose the pattern itself has to be invented, and the difficulties first created before they can be solved. Hence, again, there follows the peculiar greatness of the true versifier: such as Shakspeare, Milton, and Victor Hugo, whom I place beside them as versifier merely, not as poet. These not only knit and knot the logical texture of the style with all the dexterity and strength of prose; they not only fill up the pattern of the verse with infinite variety and sober wit; but they give us, besides, a rare and special pleasure, by the art, comparable to that of counterpoint, with which they follow at the same time, and now contrast, and now combine, the double pattern of the texture and the verse. Here the sounding line concludes; a little further on, the well-knit sentence; and yet a little further, and both will reach their solution on the same ringing syllable. The best that can be offered by the best writer of prose is to show us the development of the idea and the stylistic pattern proceed hand in hand, sometimes by an obvious and triumphant effort, sometimes with a great air of ease and nature. The writer of verse, by virtue of conquering another difficulty, delights us with a new series of triumphs. He follows three purposes where his rival followed only two; and the change is of precisely the same nature as that from melody to harmony. Or if you prefer to return to the juggler, behold him now, to the vastly increased enthusiasm of the spectators, juggling with three oranges instead of two. Thus it is: added difficulty, added beauty; and the pattern, with every fresh element, becoming more interesting in itself.

Yet it must not be thought that verse is simply an addition; something is lost as well as something gained; and there remains plainly traceable, in comparing the best prose with the best verse, a certain broad distinction of method in the web. Tight as the versifier may draw the knot of logic, yet for the ear he still leaves the tissue of the sentence floating somewhat loose. In prose, the sentence turns upon a pivot, nicely balanced, and fits into itself with an obtrusive neatness like a puzzle. The ear remarks and is singly gratified by this return and balance; while in verse it is all diverted to the measure. To find comparable passages is hard; for either the versifier is hugely the superior of the rival, or, if he be not, and still persist in his more delicate enterprise, he falls to be as widely his inferior. But let us select them from the pages of the same writer, one who was ambidexter; let us take, for instance, Rumour's Prologue to the Second Part of Henry IV., a fine flourish of eloquence in Shakspeare's second manner, and set it side by side with Falstaff's praise of sherris, act iv. scene 1; or let us compare the beautiful prose spoken throughout by Rosalind and Orlando, compare, for ex-

* Continued from April 28.

ample, the first speech of all, Orlando's speech to Adam, with what passage it shall please you to select—the Seven Ages from the same play, or even such a stave of nobility as Othello's farewell to war; and still you will be able to perceive, if you have an ear for that class of music, a certain superior degree of organization in the prose; a compacter fitting of the parts; a balance in the swing and the return as of a throbbing pendulum. We must not, in things temporal, take from those who have little the little that they have; the merits of prose are inferior, but they are not the same; it is a little kingdom, but an independent.

RHYTHM OF THE PHRASE.—Some way back, I used a word which still awaits an application. Each phrase, I said, was to be comely; but what is a comedy phrase? In all ideal and material points, literature, being a representative art, must look for analogies to painting and the like; but in what is technical and executive, being a temporal art, it must seek for them in music. Each phrase of each sentence, like an air or a recitative in music, should be so artfully compounded out of long and short, out of accented and unaccented, as to gratify the sensual ear. And of this the ear is the sole judge. It is impossible to lay down laws. Even in our accentual and rhythmic language no analysis can find the secret of the beauty of a verse; how much less, then, of those phrases, such as prose is built of, which obey no law but to be lawless and yet to please? The little that we know of verse (and for my part I owe it all to my friend Professor Fleeming Jenkin) is, however, particularly interesting in the present connection. We have been accustomed to describe the heroic line as five iambic feet, and to be filled with pain and confusion whenever, as by the conscientious schoolboy, we have heard our own description put in practice.

All night | the dread | less an | gel un | pursued *

goes the schoolboy; but though we close our ears, we cling to our definition, in spite of its proved and naked insufficiency. Mr. Jenkin was not so easily pleased, and readily discovered that the heroic line consists of four groups, or, if you prefer the phrase, contains four pauses:

All night | the dreadless | angel | unpursued.

Four groups, each practically uttered as one word: the first, in this case, an iamb; the second, an amphibrachys; the third, a trochee; and the fourth an amphimacer; and yet our schoolboy, with no other liberty but that of inflicting pain, had triumphantly scanned it as five iambs. Perceive, now, this fresh richness of intricacy in the web; this fourth orange, hitherto unremarked, but still kept flying with the others. What had seemed to be one thing it now appears is two; and, like some puzzle in arithmetic, the verse is made at the same time to read in fives and to read in fours.

But again, four is not necessary. We do not, indeed, find verses in six groups, because there is not room for six in the ten syllables; and we do not find verses of two, because one of the main distinctions of verse from prose resides in the comparative shortness of the group; but it is even common to find verses of three. Five is the one forbidden number; because five is the number of the feet; and if five were chosen, the two patterns would coincide, and that opposition which is the life of verse would instantly be lost. We have here a clew to the effect of polysyllables, above all in Latin, where they are so common and make so brave an architecture in the verse; for the polysyllable is a group of Nature's making. If but some Roman would return from Hades (Martial, for choice), and tell me by what conduct of the voice these thundering verses should be uttered—'Aut Lacedæmonium Tarentum,' for a case in point—I feel as if I should enter at last into the full enjoyment of the best of human verses.

But, again, the five feet are all iambic, or supposed to be; by the mere count of syllables the four groups cannot be all iambic; as a question of elegance, I doubt if any one of them requires to be so; and I am certain that for choice no two of them should scan the same. The singular beauty of the verse analysed above is due, so far as analysis can carry us, part, indeed, to the clever repetition of *l*, *d* and *n*, but part to this variety of scansion in the groups. The groups which, like the bar in music, break up the verse for utterance, fall uniambically; and in declaiming a so-called iambic verse, it may so happen that we never utter one iambic foot. And yet to this neglect of the original beat there is a limit.

Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts,†

is, with all its eccentricities, a good heroic line; for though it

scarcely can be said to indicate the beat of the iamb, it certainly suggests no other measure to the ear. But begin

Mother of Athens, eye of Greece,

or merely 'Mother Athens,' and the game is up, for the trochaic beat has been suggested. The eccentric scansion of the groups is an adornment; but as soon as the original beat has been forgotten, they cease implicitly to be eccentric. Variety is what is sought; but if we destroy the original mould, one of the terms of this variety is lost, and we fall back on sameness. Thus, both as to the arithmetical measure of the verse, and the degree of regularity in scansion, we see the laws of prosody to have one common purpose; to keep alive the opposition of two schemes simultaneously followed: to keep them notably apart, though still coincident; and to balance them with such judicial nicety before the reader, that neither shall be unperceived and neither signally prevail.

The rule of rhythm in prose is not so intricate. Here, too, we write in groups, or phrases, as I prefer to call them, for the prose phrase is greatly longer and is much more nonchalantly uttered than the group in verse; so that not only is there a greater interval of continuous sound between the pauses, but, for that very reason, word is linked more readily to word by a more summary enunciation. Still, the phrase is the strict analogue of the group, and successive phrases, like successive groups, must differ openly in length and rhythm. The rule of scansion in verse is to suggest no measure but the one in hand; in prose, to suggest no measure at all. Prose must be rhythmical, and it may be as much so as you will; but it must not be metrical. It may be anything, but it must not be verse. A single heroic line may very well pass and not disturb the somewhat larger stride of the prose style; but one following another will produce an instant impression of poverty, flatness, and disenchantment. The same lines delivered with the measured utterance of verse would perhaps seem rich in variety. By the more summary enunciation proper to prose, as to a more distant vision, these niceties of difference are lost. A whole verse is uttered as one phrase; and the ear is soon wearied by a succession of groups identical in length. The prose writer, in fact, since he is allowed to be so much less harmonious, is condemned to a perpetually fresh variety of movement on a larger scale, and must never disappoint the ear by the trot of an accepted metre. And this obligation is the third orange with which he has to juggle, the third quality which the prose writer must work into his pattern of words. It may be thought perhaps that this is a quality of ease rather than a fresh difficulty; but such is the inherently rhythmical strain of the English language, that the bad writer—and must I take for example that admired friend of my boyhood, Captain Reid?—the inexperienced writer, as Dickens in his earlier attempts to be impressive, and the jaded writer, as any one may see for himself, all tend to fall at once into the production of bad blank verse. And here it may be pertinently asked, Why bad? And I suppose it might be enough to answer that no man ever made good verse by accident, and that no verse can ever sound otherwise than trivial, when uttered with the delivery of prose. But we can go beyond such answers. The weak side of verse is the regularity of the beat, which in itself is decidedly less impressive than the movement of the noble prose; and it is just into this weak side, and this alone, that our careless writer falls. A peculiar density and mass, consequent on the nearness of the pauses, is one of the chief good qualities of verse; but this our accidental versifier, still following after the swift gait and large gestures of prose, does not so much as aspire to imitate. Lastly, since he remains unconscious that he is making verse at all, it can never occur to him to extract those effects of counterpoint and opposition which I have referred to as the final grace and justification of verse, and, I may add, of blank verse in particular.

CONTENTS OF THE PHRASE.—Here is a great deal of talk about rhythm—and naturally; for in our canorous language rhythm is always at the door. But it must not be forgotten that in some languages this element is almost, if not quite, extinct, and that in our own it is probably decaying. The even speech of many educated Americans sounds the note of danger. I should see it go with something as bitter as despair, but I should not be desperate. As in verse, no element, not even rhythm, is necessary; so, in prose also, other sorts of beauty will arise and take the place and play the part of those that we outlive. The beauty of the expected beat in verse, the beauty in prose of its larger and more lawless melody, patent as they are to English hearing, are already silent in the ears of our next neighbors; for in France the oratorical accent and the pattern of the web have almost or altogether succeeded to their places; and the French

* Milton. † Milton.

prose writer would be astounded at the labors of his brother across the Channel, and how a good quarter of his toil, above all 'invita Minerva,' is to avoid writing verse. So wonderfully far apart have races wandered in spirit, and so hard it is to understand the literature next door!

Yet French prose is distinctly better than English; and French verse, above all while Hugo lives, it will not do to place upon one side. What is more to our purpose, a phrase or a verse in French is easily distinguishable as comely or uncomely. There is then another element of comeliness hitherto overlooked in this analysis: the contents of the phrase. Each phrase in literature is built of sounds, as each phrase in music consists of notes. One sound suggests, echoes, demands, and harmonizes with another; and the art of rightly using these concordances is the final art in literature. It used to be a piece of good advice to all young writers to avoid alliteration; and the advice was sound, in so far as it prevented daubing. None the less for that, was it abominable nonsense, and the mere raving of those blindest of the blind who will not see. The beauty of the contents of a phrase, or of a sentence, depends implicitly upon alliteration and upon assonance. The vowel demands to be repeated; the consonant demands to be repeated; and both cry aloud to be perpetually varied. You may follow the adventures of a letter through any passage that has particularly pleased you; find it, perhaps, denied awhile, to tantalize the ear; find it fired again at you in a whole broadside; or find it pass into congenerous sounds, one liquid or labial melting away into another. And you will find another and much stranger circumstance. Literature is written by and for two senses: a sort of internal ear, quick to perceive 'unheard melodies'; and the eye, which directs the pen and deciphers the printed phrase. Well, even as there are rhymes for the eye, so you will find that there are assonances and alliterations; that where an author is running the open *a*, deceived by the eye and our strange English spelling, he will often show a tenderness for the flat *a*; and that where he is running a particular consonant, he will not improbably rejoice to write it down even when it is mute or bears a different value.

Didactic Novels.

[From the *London Globe*.]

THE function of a novel is, primarily, to amuse; the function of a sermon, to instruct; and, as a rule, each is most successful when it keeps most strictly to its own lines. In some rare instances, indeed, sermons assume a virtue which they have not, and congregations have been seen to smile during the preaching of Mr. Spurgeon and Mr. Haweis. Similarly, it has always been possible for a novel to arrogate to itself some of the peculiar properties of sermons, and to give instruction in the form of amusement. But this used to be done chiefly in the way of confessedly moral tales, as in the novels of Miss Edgeworth and Mrs. Hannah More. No one was taken in by this kind of novel. Every one knew that the moral powder was there, skilfully mixed up with the jam; and people swallowed both together cheerfully, trusting to the salutary effects of the medicine, though it spoiled the jam, and grateful to the kind hand which made taking it so comparatively easy.

But the didactic novel of the present day in its latest development is a wholly different thing. It calls itself simply a novel, and has the form, and especially the faults, of a novel. It does not put the reader upon his guard in any way. It is sometimes coarse, sometimes twaddly; often written in slangy English, often verging on the improper, often indulging in risky situations; it is fond of high life, and rejoices in titles and millinery, just like any other novel. But all this, instead of being the costume chosen because the writer thinks it will most amuse his readers, is a disguise put on to deceive them, and to hide a theological argument, peculiar religious views, the airing of a fine ethical question, or a pet political or social theory of reform. Certainly, if this kind of thing is to go on, the owners of circulating libraries will have to adopt a new style of catalogue for the protection of their readers, marking each book 'Religious,' 'Political,' 'The Orthodox Question,' 'The Deceased Wife's Sister Question,' 'The Pigeon-Shooting Bill,' etc., and then a too long-suffering public will know what it is about, and not, when it confidently sends for a novel, receive a sermon in disguise. This is positively a very cruel kind of fraud, even when a 'pious fraud' and done with the best of motives. All mortals, even the sternest and most stoical, want to be amused sometimes; like Carlyle, much as he despised novels, they will go in for a course of fiction, with the simple object of being diverted, and when they ask for a novel, want a novel, and nothing more. But

fancy any poor brain-weary man or woman taking up 'Daniel Deronda,' for instance, as a piece of recreation. And yet, it is not against book of this type that a protest is needed. The world has had but one George Eliot, and will probably never have another, and everything she wrote is worth reading for other and higher reasons than to be amused. Nevertheless, in her latest novel there are grave sins against art, and it would have been better for her reputation, as well as fairer to the creature called 'the general reader,' if the Jewish disquisitions had been put into some other form, and the story of Gwendolen Harleth given alone. Besides, it has been a bad precedent, and there are always so many ready to follow bad precedents. Kingsley, also, was an offender in encouraging writers of didactic novels; but he forces one to forgive him, even against one's conscience, by his enthusiastic earnestness and the freshness and buoyancy of the spirit in which he writes. One must be hopelessly *blasé* and cynical before one can cease to enjoy 'Two Years Ago,' in spite of the clerical determination to convert dear Tom Thurnall. And, still worse for the argument's sake, the chief offender of all is one of whom it is impossible to speak disrespectfully. The genius of George MacDonald has made all his novels interesting, and some of them entertaining; but from the first they were spoiled, as novels, by being saturated with religious teaching; and latterly they have dwindled into very dreary, and sometimes repulsive things—still called novels, but actually mixtures of preachifyings, rhapsodies, love-makings, and mysteries of questionable taste and value.

Of course, one may be answered that good and earnest men always want to edify their readers, and only put their teaching into the shape of novels to get a larger number of readers than would otherwise be possible. But there is something sophistical, not to say dishonest, in all this. Let a sermon be a sermon, an essay an essay, a novel a novel, and all will be well. Let things be honest, and the edifying will take care of itself. No true picture of life, or of character, or of the possible action of men and women in any imaginary situation, can fail to convey many lessons. A true bit of history or biography, a true character study, a true story, or one true to nature, which is next best, is, and must always be, as valuable for its teaching as for its entertainment. Scott did not set himself deliberately to teach anything, but are not 'The Heart of Midlothian,' 'The Antiquary,' and 'Guy Mannering' full of pure and noble teaching? Dickens did more than most writers to unveil abuses and to awaken sympathy for the poor, but most assuredly he did amuse us, and he did not preach to us. Charles Reade had always a distinct motive in each of his novels, but they were none the less true novels, full of action and event, play of character, interest and entertainment, from beginning to end. Thackeray's scorn for wrong and tenderness for weakness rouse his readers also to such scorn and such tenderness as they are capable of, and one lays down 'Esmond,' or 'The Virginians,' a sadder and a wiser man. But for all that, he never put up a puppet to preach through chapter after chapter, and had more respect for his heroes and heroines than to treat them as pegs to hang his opinions upon. And in these melancholy and decadent days, when we have no Dickens, nor Thackeray, nor Reade, nor Scott, nor even a Trollope to lighten our dull hours, the writers who stiffly condescend to write novels, might out of mere charity try to amuse us a little. For it is confessed on all sides that it has never fallen to the lot of man to bear so many and so grievous burdens as at the present day. The struggle for existence, the indefinitely increasing demands upon our brains, our purses, our time, the School Board *régime*, the dynamite scares and drain scares, the innumerable postal deliveries, the street noises, the bad times, bad servants, bad butter, bad weather ('plague winds' and 'storm clouds' of a special make, never before known), dear oysters, and cheap sales, and all the other real and imaginary woes which make it an open question among mankind whether life is worth living—fully justify us in crying to those who have still wits enough and leisure enough to write novels: 'Amuse us, amuse us, we most humbly beseech you!'

Two specimens of the modern didactic novel may be chosen to point these remarks, each by a writer of a certain rank and of assured talent. In sending for a novel by the author of 'Dr. Claudius,' one feels sure of something readable and interesting. 'An American Politician' opens innocently enough with a pretty and natural afternoon tea scene, and the characters promise well: a charming woman of the world, a lovely girl, a smooth-tongued man, evidently designed for 'the villain.' But one is hardly fairly under weigh, when one discovers that there is no plot—to call a plot—no interest, no adventure, no fun—nothing in the world for anybody to do but form a setting for the display of the writer's views on American politics. As for the villain, there

surely never was, in all the realm of fiction, a more shadowy, unsubstantial, unsatisfactory villain, and one cannot get up the least interest in the heroine, who talks a little now and then epigrammatically and ungrammatically, and behaves like a silly schoolgirl when the man she loves speaks of leaving her. But, then, it was the only chance she had of making a sensation, and it must be hard to be a heroine who never does nor suffers anything heroic. As for the writer's views—they may be most excellent; but Free Trade is certainly not amusing, and one hears too much of tariffs and elections, and progress in the world of fact, to welcome them in the world of fiction. A political pamphlet, interspersed with episodes of love-making, has no right to call itself a novel.

'The New Abelard' is even worse. It also begins with a promise of good things. Moonlight or moonshine, among solemn ruins; a lovely woman riding out at midnight to meet her lover—though why they met in this uncomfortable and mysterious manner, when they might quite as well have called upon one another in their respective homes, except for the romance of the thing—is never explained; passionate love-making; and then, without any warning, the lovely woman and her lover begin to discuss the gravest and most solemn subjects of thought, and one finds that instead of a romance one is in the midst of a theologico-metaphysical study. It may be perfectly characteristic of the period that the questions of what is true and what is false in professed beliefs are being more or less confusedly asked by all sorts and conditions of men, and that a wider interest is taken in all possible answers to them than at any former time; but to make the discussion of these the main subject of a novel, to propagate the writer's opinions on religious matters by putting them into the mouth of a novel hero, and giving him opportunities of expressing them alternately with his passion for his lady-love—this is to treat neither readers nor opinions with the fairness and respect which are their due. If the story be interesting, the reader will probably skip the religious opinions; and if the story should prove uninteresting and unpleasant, the religious opinions cannot gain by the forced companionship. This mixture of romantic situations and religious views has a morbid and unnatural taste to every healthy palate; and if such a book as 'The New Abelard' is to be called a novel, then, in the name of justice and common-sense, some other name must be found for 'Waverley,' 'The Vicar of Wakefield,' 'Mansfield Park,' 'David Copperfield,' 'Vanity Fair'—books which made the word 'novel' delightful to the ears of men.

Current Criticism

HOLMAN HUNT'S 'TRIUMPH OF THE INNOCENTS':—The dominant idea is pretty enough: here, in a real Egyptian landscape—trees, atmosphere, water, water-wheel, village, lighted windows, all from nature—are Joseph, Mary, and the Child Christ; and surrounding them, garlanded with flowers, in a peculiar illumination, are the astral bodies of the innocents just massacred by Herod of Jewry. They are but appearances, these jovial youngsters, and if they seem to be walking upon water, it is but a romantic mode of signifying that they are too heavy for the air. But, all astral as they are, they are more substantial by far than Mary or Joseph, or even than the ass (right Meccan breed) himself. Of course this ponderable quality is significant of something or other, but of what is a question that cannot here be debated. What is certain is that here they are, and that the Divine Child is aware of their presence; and that in the centre of the whole affair—splashed up, it may be, by their tread—is a gigantic bubble which, on examination, turns out to contain a peep-show (as it were) of a certain millennium, but which, considered from afar, presents the appearance of a wandering Japanese plate. Mr. Hunt, it seems, has produced this curious essay in Biblical commentary for the people alone, and by the people alone is it fitting that he should be judged. For ourselves, we confess to a feeling of disappointment and surprise. We expected a picture. What we found was, as we have said, a confused but earnest and honorable achievement in literature expressed in the most strenuous terms, with a patience, a laboriousness, a determination of symbolical intention worthy of all respect.—*The Magazine of Art*.

THE FLOOD OF BAD READING:—A correspondent, referring to the war which is now being waged upon the sale of immoral books in this city, states that the circulation of a certain licentious newspaper equals 100,000 weekly. If two people read each copy, we have an audience of 60,000 more who receive its criminal filth than the sum total of all the church-goers in Philadel-

phia. All the clergy, with their united effort, cannot reach as many young, immature minds as does this single organ of vice and crime. And this is but one paper of the same stamp among many in the city, and this is but one community among thousands in which these poisonous sheets are scattered broadcast. Our correspondent asks what can be done. Something, but not much, may be accomplished by calling the attention of the elder part of the community to the matter. Moral but careless parents will at last be startled into watchfulness, and will begin to look into the quality of books and papers which their children read. . . . There are but two things to be done: First, to put the law against obscene publications in force against these sheets, and secondly, to offer some other more wholesome outlet for the vigor, the imagination or fancy of their readers.—*Philadelphia Press*.

A NOTABLE NOVEL:—How is it that no novelist has arisen to do for contemporaneous Ireland what (say) Tourguéneff has done for contemporaneous Russia? Much might have been expected from the author of 'Knocknagow' and 'Sally Kavanagh'—books which are not at all appreciated as they ought to be—had not the cowardly sufferings to which he was subjected early broken down the physical prowess of that gifted and gentle being. Exquisite as some of Miss Mulholland's stories are, such as 'The Wild Birds of Killeevy,' they will be voted by the taste of the day as romantic and wanting in actuality (though we notice in *The Irish Monthly* the opening chapters of a new story that promises to be in a different vein). Another writer who has attempted an Irish novel has been Mrs. E. O'Shea Dillon, author of 'Dark Rosaleen' (London, 1884); but she is only semi-sympathetic, and has evidently been so long or so far removed from Ireland as to have lost touch of its pulse. . . . It is therefore that the appearance of a novel of consideration which may be regarded as a protest against this state of things is a somewhat notable circumstance. Such a novel is 'The Wearing of the Green.'—*The Catholic World*.

Notes

WE understand that Mr. Lowell has been offered the Chair of English Literature at Oxford University, but has declined to consider the proposition on the ground that duty to his grandchildren demands his return to America. The offer came in the form of a note from Mr. Lowell's friend, Prof. Max Müller, who was sure of the poet's election before he communicated with him on the subject. The Professorship of English Literature is the first one of the kind at Oxford.

—The growing popularity of short stories is proved by the success of Scribner's Series of 'Short Stories by American Authors' and by a new series of 'Tales from All Sources,' which Dodd, Mead & Co. have just begun. The stories in this new series, which will consist of three volumes, are by English writers.

—'The Duchess Emilia'—not 'Amelia'—is the title of Mr. Barrett Wendell's maiden novel.

—'The Story of an Old New England Town'—Brattleboro, Vermont—by Mrs. Frances B. Greenough, of Cambridge, is in the press of Cupples, Upham & Co., who will also publish in May Wm. H. Rideing's 'Thackeray's London,' with a new portrait of the great novelist, etched by E. H. Garrett. Mr. Rideing's new novel will appear a month later.

—Houghton, Mifflin & Co. publish to-day: (1) 'Samuel Adams,' by J. K. Hosmer, in the American Statesmen Series; (2) 'Husband and Wife,' by Dr. George Z. Gray, Dean of the Episcopal School at Cambridge; (3) 'Patroclus and Penelope: A Chat in the Saddle,' by Col. Theo. A. Dodge; (4) 'Harmony of the Four Gospels in Greek,' by Dr. Edward Robinson, revised by Prof. M. B. Riddle; and (5) 'Under the Old Elm, and Other Poems,' by J. R. Lowell, in the Riverside Literature Series.

—Mr. George William Curtis will preside and deliver a brief opening address at the first of the Authors' Afternoon Readings at the Madison Square Theatre, on Tuesday next, April 28. On the following day Bishop H. C. Potter will preside. Messrs. Howells, Hawthorne, Boyesen and (it is hoped) Warner and Mark Twain, will appear on the first day, and there will be readings from 'Uncle Remus' by F. Hopkinson Smith and from Dr. Holmes by Prof. Charles Carroll. On Wednesday the readers will be Edward Eggleston, Mark Twain, John Boyle O'Reilly, W. D. Howells, G. P. Lathrop, and Frank R. Stockton. Mr. Stockton intends to tell, instead of reading, a new story. Plans of the house may be seen and seats obtained at the American Art Galleries.

—Cassell & Co. have in press for early publication the *Life of Gustave Doré*, made up from materials furnished by his family and from a personal knowledge of the artist, by Mme. Blanche Roosevelt. The book is an octavo of some 500 pages, with several hundred illustrations, many of which have never been published. Modern France has given birth to no more popular artist than Doré, and that the story of his life will have an interest for a large number of readers goes without saying. The book abounds in anecdote and adventure, and whenever possible the author has retained the language of the village people who had stories to tell of the clever little Gustave. This gives a peculiar piquancy to the book.

—Mr. Laurence Hutton sailed for England with his bride last Saturday. J. R. Osgood & Co. have ready for early publication Mr. Hutton's new book on the 'Literary Landmarks of London,' and a large English edition has been taken by Fisher Unwin.

—The June *Harper's* will contain a *rondeau* of Mr. Austin Dobson's, 'O Royal Rose,' illustrated by Mr. Alfred Parsons. It will also contain a story by Mr. Brander Matthews called 'A Secret of the Sea,' to which the recent events in Europe lend a peculiar timeliness. It is in four chapters, filling nearly twenty pages, and it sets forth the robbery of an ocean steamer 'Off the Banks' by a mysterious pirate or privateer. And it may happen that before the story is published, Russian privateers will be preying on British ships.

—Walter von Goethe, the only remaining lineal descendant of the great poet, has just died.

—M. Eugène Revillout defends the Egypt Exploration Fund against the strictures of *The Athenæum* by accusing the author of the article which we cited on April 11 of resorting 'even to American authorities,' which 'plainly proves a complete absence of any serious preparation' for his task. Admitting that 'there is nothing to be said for the identification of Tuku with Succoth,' and 'leaving one side the geographical questions,' he yet insists that the mound of Maskhuta has brought forth a variant for the word elephant! Surely this cannot be ironical, and mean that the Egypt Exploration Fund has found a 'white elephant,' and its name is Pithom-Maskhuta.

—Archibald Ross Colquhoun, the English railway engineer who wrote 'Across Chryse' and 'Amongst the Shans,' is a correspondent of the *London Times*, and was in Tonkin with Cameron of the *Standard*, a couple of years ago. From Asia, Cameron went to Egypt, where he was killed, while Colquhoun remained in China.

—Professor Shumway promises a particularly good six-weeks' course in Latin and Greek at Chautauqua this summer.

—'Famous People of All Ages' is a handy biographical dictionary, compiled by W. H. Van Orden and published by A. L. Burt, who has issued two or three other useful handbooks within the past two years. It has its faults and limitations, of course. For instance, one reads in the publisher's circular: 'How many of us can tell the century in which Molière or Guy Fawkes lived, or give a satisfactory account of the work of Torricelli or Leonardo da Vinci?' And then he turns to the book to verify his notions on these points, and finds in it no mention of Molière, or Corneille, or Leonardo—omissions which he might otherwise have overlooked.

—In a paragraph quoted from *The Medical Record*, in our issue of last week, Augusta Evans is included in a list of 'literary spinsters.' She is not a spinster, however, but 'is, and has been for many years,' a common friend informs us, 'the happy wife of Hon. L. M. Wilson of Mobile.'

—Mr. Cope Whitehouse expects to give another *matinée archéologique* at the Madison Square Theatre on Tuesday, May 5th, entitled 'Oua-na-Vine, or the Bressa Prize.' It exposes the pretensions of certain luminaries in the pseudo-scientific world, and is taken from an unpublished novel in which Mlle. Marie de Lasseigne seeks to win the Bressa Prize (\$2,400), not for money or fame, but to prove to Mr. Sinnett and the neo-Buddhists that she is a fifth-rounder stopping at the earth for the second time on her way from Venus to Mars. She manifests transcendental but not supernatural powers, and challenges Dr. A. Geikie, Prof. Boyd Dawkins, Prof. Tyndall and others—with what success may be both seen and heard. For the contest will be illustrated with lantern-slides of Phœnician walls, Scotch caves, and Celtic ornaments, as well as portraits of Mlle. Marie and her opponents. It will be further diversified by original letters from the Duke of Argyll, Prof. Norman Lockyer and others, with an amusing epilogue written expressly for this occasion by the geological editor of *Nature*. Although strictly private and limited to six hundred invitations, a card of any one

specially desirous of being present, left at the box-office before April 27, will receive due attention.

—Didier's 'Life and Letters of Madame Bonaparte' has been translated into French by Prof. A. O. Munro, a Parisian journalist, who proposes soon to put the same book into Italian. 'Madame Bonaparte' was Jerome's deserted wife, *née* Patterson, who died in Baltimore a few years ago, aged nearly a hundred.

—John Rogers, the sculptor, exhibited to his friends on Thursday afternoon a new group, in clay, representing King Lear and Cordelia.

—Joel Benton tells us that a Southern author told him, years ago, that when Poe wrote 'The Raven,' he rushed in with the manuscript in his hand and read it to his friend with great enthusiasm and fine effect. When the reading was finished, 'What do you think of it?' the poet asked. 'I think,' said the friend who tells the anecdote, 'that it is uncommonly fine.' 'Fine!' cried Poe, consumptuously; 'is that all you can say of it? It's the greatest poem ever written, sir—the greatest poem in the world!'

—In *The North American Review* for April, Charles Dudley Warner writes of prison reform in a very practical manner. He objects to the sentimental view of crime, and especially to the sentimental view of criminals; and he believes that crime should be made hard and bitter in the punishment it leads to. The greater part of his paper is taken up with an account of the Elmira Reformatory, and the noble work there of Mr. Z. R. Brockway. We have long known of Mr. Brockway's remarkable skill in dealing with criminals, and of his success in reforming them. We are much surprised, however, that Mr. Warner does not mention the more remarkable work done in England in the same direction; but his paper will help to call attention to the great need of better and more humane methods in the treatment of criminals.

—Pach Bros., the photographers, have put forth a number of views of General Grant and his family, taken at their cottage at Long Branch during the General's second term as President. There is also a group taken at the country-seat of Mr. George W. Childs, and showing the benevolent face of the Philadelphia millionaire, as well as that of his illustrious friend.

—A circular put forth by Mr. Charles D. Kellogg, Organizing Secretary of the Charity Organization Society, calls upon young men and women who have an 'enthusiasm for humanity,' warm sympathies, and a love for charitable work, to put themselves in training in the offices of the Society for systematic work of a philanthropic character. 'They must be content to study and learn by actual service, for little or no pay, until they have mastered the general principles and learned the best methods, and are ready to accept a good position as soon as it offers.' Such positions, Mr. Kellogg avers, are not infrequently offered; for within the past few years forty societies similar to the Charity Organization have been founded in as many cities and towns. 'Within the past year, two of the largest cities of the Union have sent far and near to find a trained Charity Organizationist without success, and either would have paid such a person a good living salary; and with the growing interest these opportunities will be increasing.'

—Mr. George Newell Lovejoy, of Ann Arbor, Mich., sends us these personal details concerning Philander Deming, or P. Deming, as he is known to the literary world:—He is a native of New York State, having been born near Albany in 1829. He is a graduate of Vermont University, and up to some four years ago was a stenographer in the higher courts of the State. Several years since he was admitted to the bar, but has never practised. His real connection with literature, as a writer, dates from early in the seventies, though prior to this period he had contributed various articles to several of the leading metropolitan journals. In 1872-3 a series of short stories, including 'Lost,' 'John's Trial,' and 'Willie,' began to appear over his signature in *The Atlantic*, and were extensively copied by the press. The location of each story was laid among the Adirondacks, and the entire number were remarkable for their rare simplicity of narrative and artistic finish. In 1880 these stories, with a few others, and some sketches, were brought out in book form by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., under the title of 'Adirondack Stories,' and the work has passed through several editions. Since 1880 Mr. Deming has been a contributor to *Lippincott's* and to Harper's Christmas publication, as well as to *The Atlantic*. Some two years ago, 'Tompkins,' his most admired story, thus far, appeared in the latter magazine, and was copied not only by the press of this country, but by that of England and

Scotland. It forms a part of the title to his last volume, just issued by his Boston publishers—'Tompkins and Other Folks'—which is receiving such favorable notices from the press. Mr. Deming now devotes the greater portion of his time to literary work, of which he is singularly fond. He usually spends his summers among the Adirondacks and the rest of the year in Albany. He is a great admirer of Tourguéneff, and in appearance somewhat resembles Liszt. He is, moreover, unmarried, and of a retiring disposition.

—'Troubled Waters,' a new novel by Beverley Ellison Warner, is announced by the J. B. Lippincott Co.

—A memorial concert in honor of the late Dr. Leopold Damrosch was given at the Metropolitan Opera House, under the direction of Mr. Walter Damrosch, on Friday evening of this week, a public rehearsal having been given on the previous day. Frau Materna, Fräulein Brandt and Herr Staudigl took part in the performance, which replaced the regular fifth concert of the season. The sixth Symphony Society rehearsal and concert will occur on Friday and Saturday next, May 1 and 2.

—'The Dynamiter,' which is the name of the second series of R. L. Stevenson's 'New Arabian Nights,' will be published by Henry Holt & Co. in May.

—C. R. Biscia (Livorno, 1885) sends us the first volume of his 'Ricordi Bibliografici.' These bibliographical records contain notes of value on books and editions contained in Signor Biscia's own library, and extend to nearly 1000 numbers. This brings the notes to G only, the volume really constituting a *catalogue raisonné* of certain *scelti libri*, or chosen books, annotated with care. One may not altogether agree with Mira that 'there is certainly no science that embraces and requires so much knowledge as the science of bibliography,' and yet be grateful for the enlightened enthusiasm which puts forth such a book as this.

—The last Johns Hopkins Circular contains President Gilman's anniversary address (Feb. 22d). His subject this year is 'The Benefit which Society Derives from Universities,' and richly does it deserve the large and clear print in which it appears. Such a theme indeed cannot be 'writ' too large and clear, though few are capable of presenting it so suggestively as the accomplished head of the new University. No matter what President Gilman's subject may be, he always contrives ingeniously to touch on every discipline taught in the University, and thus harmonize the 'sweet bells' which are apt to be 'jangled' by this or that over-aspiring professor. He writes in the interest of a true cosmopolitan culture, and tries to give every Cæsar his due.

—Nos. 19 and 20 of the *American Journal of Philology* (Baltimore) show unabated ability in the scope, variety, and importance of the articles. In the former number there is a delightful and affectionate memorial sketch of the great Humanist, Friedrich Ritschl, from the pen of Prof. Gildersleeve (the editor), who was one of his pupils. Prof. Whitney writes learnedly on the study of Hindu grammar and of Sanskrit. In No. 20, perhaps the most interesting article is Mr. T. Davidson's review of Prof. Child's book of ballads. Reviews in the technical field of linguistics, reports of the 'big-wig' German classical and Oriental periodicals, such as the *Philologus*, *Mnemosyne*, *Rheinisches Museum*, etc., fill up the background with things new and old. This *Journal* is a most creditable exponent of American scholarship.

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QUESTIONS.

No. 930.—George Ebers says in 'Serapis': 'Once, in Antioch, a runaway slave, who, having succeeded in reaching a statue of the Emperor and laying his hands on it, was by that act safe from his pursuers,' etc. Surely, the slave was not by that act liberated. I should be glad if some one would cite the law governing the slave at that time—898 A. D.

ASHVILLE, N. C.

W. B. W.

No. 931.—Will you kindly inform me if the following books can be obtained in this country, and at what price? 1. 'Gordon in Central Africa,' by Dr. Andrew Wilson; 2. 'The Ever-Victorious Army,' by Birkbeck Hill; 3. 'Reflections Suggested by Palestine,' by General Gordon; 4. 'Letters from Gen. Gordon to the Rev. M. Barnes.'

KANSAS CITY, MO.

M. E. B.

[Nos. 3 and 4 are published by Macmillan & Co., who have a branch in New York.]

No. 932.—In *The English Illustrated* for September, 1884, there was an article on the 'Women of Chaucer,' illustrated by H. Ryland. Were the illustrations made for the magazine, or were they intended for an edition of Chaucer's works? If the latter, what is the edition?

CHICAGO, ILL.

E. B. G.

[Messrs. Macmillan's agent informs us that he supposes the illustrations were made expressly for the magazine.]

No. 933.—The following lines were copied from the walls of an old monastery in Holland, founded by one of the Capellen family. Can any of the readers of THE CRITIC tell what language it was written in, and what is its meaning in English?

Ut post bella
Pollicella
de Capella Jacobo
referretur
deprecetur
fundatoris filio
Cujus pater
primus lator
fundus stator
Extat grande precio.

NEW YORK CITY.

MONACHUS.

[Either the inscription has been inaccurately transcribed, or the Latin is corrupt. Roughly translated it would read: 'When, after the Pollicella (?) wars, anything shall be said of James Capella, pray for the founder's son, whose father stands forth as first proposer, founder of the estate, at great expense.]

No. 934.—1. I should like to know the authorship of 'Rabbi Jeshua,' and of 'The Alternative: A Study in Psychology' (Macmillan: 1883).—2. Please name a few good editions of Shakespeare which give the text without expurgation.—3. Has Marmontel's *Bélisaire* been translated into English?

YATES, PA.

J. A. FAULKNER.

[1. We are unable to give any information regarding the authorship of either 'Rabbi Jeshua' or 'The Alternative,' further than that the author of the latter book is, we believe, an American.—2. Richard Grant White's, with notes, sold only in sets, at \$7.50 to \$25, Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The Parchment Library Edition, 12 vols., at \$1.25 per volume, D. Appleton & Co.]

ANSWERS.

No. 913.—We will take pleasure in sending you likenesses of General Gordon and the Mahdi, from *The Pall Mall Gazette*, on receipt of a stamped envelope addressed to yourself.

20 ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK.

EDS. THE CRITIC.

No. 914.—Trollope's Barchester Series of novels, complete—the English edition, in 8 vols., the price of which is \$15.75—may be obtained of G. P. Putnam's Sons.

No. 927.—The book of which you are in search is 'Unorthodox London,' by the Rev. C. Maurice Davies, D. D., of which a revised edition was published by Tinsley Brothers, 1876. It may be picked up without much difficulty by keeping an eye on the catalogues of London second-hand booksellers, with which any importing bookseller will supply you. My own copy was obtained in that way, at a cost of less than a dollar.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

T. W. H.

[Failing of this, you can obtain from T. Whittaker, Bible House, New York, a copy of Davies's 'Heterodox London,' 2 vols., 8vo, in good condition, for \$3.50.]

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